THE PORTAGE SENTINEL

VOL. 9. NO. 5. RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1853. WHOLE NO. 421.

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL.

BY SAMUEL D. HARRIS, Jr.

One year, payable within six months, $1,50
One year, payable after the expiration of six months and within the year, 2,00
One year payable after its expiration, 2,50

☞ No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

SELECT POETRY.

CALIFORNIA STANZAS.

BY G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.

[The last words of the EMIGRANT'S CHILD, as uttered on the banks of the San Joaquin, near Fort Miller, California, are thus conveyed to the ear of the world, through the medium of song. The circumstances which gave rise to the verses are peculiarly touching. Owing to the winter rains, the rivers had risen to such a height that they could not be forded, and the roads had become impassable. A family of emigrants arrived on the banks of the San Joaquin, in the last stage of exhaustion. Starvation stared them in the face. The mother had been buried on the plains; and on the arrival of the family in San Joaquin, an infant, and its sister, six years of age, also died, leaving the disconsolate father to prosecute his further journey to the gold mines, alone.]

The Emigrant's Dying Child.

Father! I'm hungred! give me bread,
Wrap close my shivering form!
Cold blows the wind around my head,
And wildly beats the storm.
Protect me from the angry sky;
I shrink beneath its wrath,
I dread this tempest rushing by,
Which intercepts our path.

Father! these California skies,
You said were bright and bland—
But where, to-night, my pillow lies,
Is this the golden land?
'Tis well my little sister sleeps,
Or else she, too, would grieve;
But only see how still she keeps—
She has not stirred since eve.

I'll kiss her, and perhaps she'll speak;
She'll kiss me back, I know;
Oh! father, only touch her cheek,
'Tis cold as very snow!
Father! you did not shed a tear,
Yet little Jane has died!
Oh! promise, when you leave me here,
To lay be by her side.

And when you pass this torrent cold,
We've come so far to see;
And you go on beyond for gold,
Oh! think of Jane and me.
Father! I'm weary! rest my head
Upon your bosom warm—
Cold blows the wind around my head,
And wildly beats the storm.

SAN JOAQUIN, Cal., Jan. 1853.

MISCELLANY.

A GOOD LIFT:

—OR—

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAGNANIMOUS MERCHANT.

Boston Common is classical ground—and its thrilling history is not the only reason why foreigners as well as our fellow citizens make it a place of frequent resort. It is handsomely located, just where the lungs of the city ought to be, and it has been laid out with exquisite taste. The gravel walks—the green patches of sod—the umbragoous trees—the magnificent fountain—the variety of vale and hill—all contribute to make it the pleasantest promenade ground in this commonwealth, or country. Well, one May morning, while dilitarians and dyspeptics were out health-hunting, and domestics were drawing willow wagon loads of young patricians in pinafores over the smoothe paths, an incident occurred which ought not to be forgotten like a dream, nor confined merely to the memories of those who witnessed it.

As usual, here and there were groups of men engaged in carpets. Carpets are like mortals; they are first admired, then put down—then trodden upon—then beaten until their dust goes to dust. That bright and blessed morning, everything seemed to be full of instruction—even the trees were silent teachers, for their branches pointed upward to the land of living spirits, and their roots pointed downward to the world of dead bodies. On their boughs here and there might have been seen deserted bird's nests, emblems of forsaken hearts. These castles in the air were filled with faded leaves. Life, beauty and the stirring voice of song had departed, as joy and hope quit the hearts, when the unrelenting winter of adversity sweeps away our promising prospects.

Among the busy bustling multitude, moving like a living river through the common at the time of which I write, was a fair-haired boy, with dark dreamy eyes, and cherry cheeks. The poor boy was probably fourteen years of age. His patched garments were scrupulously clean—showing positive proof that he had a tidy mother at home, who spared neither soap nor Chochituate to keep clean the clothes of her brave and beautiful boy. Although he wore an old chip hat, his hair was brushed smoothe as the wing of a robin, and his complexion was so clear you might almost have seen the blood circulating through the delicately penciled veins.

The boy was, evidently, industrious, for he was then staggering under a bundle of goods; which he was carrying to the Providence depot, for some countryman who had made a purchase of a few articles for family use, and who had employed this young express-man to deliver it to the baggage-master. Being tired, he removed the bundle from his shoulder, and placed it carefully on a bench near a group of frollicking boys, who were amusing themselves by rolling marbles. When the lad had wiped the prespiration from his glowing face, he modestly and politely requested one of the boys to lend him a helping hand in raising the bundle from the bench to his shoulder. The boy to whom he spoke, was the only son of one of the wealthiest families in the Pilgrim city, and he spoke to him because he recognized him as a school-mate and classmate.

At first the young practican paid no attention whatever to the lad, but when he earnestly repeated his request, he said, sneeringly:

"I—I am engaged. Who was your waiter last year?"

"Just give me a lift; it will take but a moment."

"Who are you?" replied the little aristocrat.

"I am James Conner."

"Well, you father is a laboring man, let him help you."

Just at that moment a Beacon street lady, plainly but richly dressed, approached like a good angel, and after folding her parasol, cheerfully assisted him, and then with a bouyant step, a light heart, and a pleasant face went on her way rejoicing.

It is impossible to perform a good deed with a good design, without reaping a reward in this life, even; and it is often a greater act of charity to aid a child with his bundle, than to make great donations to be trumpeted through the world.—The act of purchasing an orange or a paper for a poor child, is, in the estimation of some great and good men, under certain circumstances, a deed of more consequence, than distributing largely enough to endow a university. Good deeds, like good seeds, may be out of sight and buried in the soil—but, as the gentle shower and the genial sun will quicken the latter to life, and cause them to rise in vernal loveliness and beauty, so will kind Providence bring out the disinterested and noble deeds of the great hearted, who love to do good.

A few months after the occurrence which I have stated, it was announced through the medium of the press, that there would be a public examination at one of the common schools, and the parents and other interested parties were most respectfully invited to attend.

A gold medal was to be given to the best scholar, a silver medal to the second best, and a handsome book to the third best. The teachers, and the taught, spared neither pains nor time to make the requisite preparations, so as to appear to the best advantage at the exhibition. The boys (some of them at all events,) got up early and sat up late, so as to thoroughly master their lessons.

At the appointed time the largest room in the building was filled with scholars and spectators. Most critically and searchingly were the scholars examined in all the common branches,—and as usual, in Boston, there was no favoriteism displayed in the examination.

It is worthy here to remark, that the principal competitors for the most valuable prize were two boys of nearly the same age and size, although dissimilar in every other respect. One was a patrician, the other a plebeian—one was elegantly dressed in superfine cloth, decorated with shining buttons, the other wore garments that were patched and threadbare. One lived in a splendid mansion; that commanded a view of the Common—the other lived in a rickety old crow's-nest of a house, in a dirty lane, in an abscure part of the city. The father of the former was a millionaire—the father of the latter was one of the million. One had nothing to do but study his lessons—the other employed a portion of his time, when out of school, in doing errands to earn something to help in supporting his brother and sisters.

After a severe, yet fair examination, the gold medal was awarded to the poor boy.

"Who is that lad?" inquired the Hon. George Burton, the father of the unsuccessful competitor for the prize.

"His name is James Conner," replied the teacher.

Conner, Conner! Why, that is an Irish name."

"Yes, the boy's parents came from Ireland, but he was born in this country."

"Well, I declare, he has the true grit in him."

"Yes, indeed; he is punctual as a clock, and quite as industatous; besides, he is blessed with extraordinary intellectual powers."

"What is his father's occupation, pray?"

"He carries a hod, sir, and I am sorry to inform you that he sometimes puts the bricks into his hat instead of putting them into his hod—but the boy's mother is a remarkable woman—she is an honest hard-working, and tidy creature, and very anxious to give her son a good education."

"That boy ought to go into one of our higher schools."

"He could have gone there some time ago, but his parents were too poor to purchase the books and apparatus that he needed," said the teacher.

The Hon. Mr. Burton tore a scrap from his memorandum, on which he wrote a check for fifty dollars.

"Give that to the boy's mother," said the magnanimous merchant; "and tell her to send her son to high school, and whenever funds are needed to defray the expenses of his education, tell her to call on me."

CHAPTER II.

A MAGNIFICENT LADY.

"Why, ma, where have you been all the forenoon, pray?" inquired a sweet little rose-bud of a girl ten or twelve years of age.

"I went to the common school, my dear child, to witness the examination, and when the exercises were concluded, I waited to speak a word of congratulation and encouragement to the lad who obtained the gold medal."

"Are you acquainted with him, ma?"

"No, daughter; but I saw him on the Common a few weeks ago, and helped him to raise a package of goods to his shoulder. You may remember, for I think I told you at the time, that proud little fellow who was playing on the path near by curled his lip with scorn, when the burden bearer asked him to assist in raising the bundle."

"Oh, yes, I recollect the circumstance perfectly well."

"These lads attend the same school, and are classmates, and were the principal competitors for the chief prize, and the handsome Irish boy won the prize."

"I am glad he was so fortunate," exclaimed the young beauty.

"It was indeed a singular coincidence, and the best of the story remains to be told. The father of the unsuccessful candidate for the medal, and the golden honors, gave the winner of the prize a check for fifty dollars, to be expended in educating him, and a promise of more funds when needed."

"It is nearly two o'clock; surely, the school did not remain in session so long?" observed the girl.

"No, Agnes; the meeting was dismissed at twelve, but I made a call and was detained at the house I visited much longer than I expected to have been. I called to see poor Mrs. Brown, the widow woman, who calls here so frequently. I understood she was ill, and availed myself of that opportunity to render her some assistance."

"Where does she live, ma? Will you tell me all about your visit?"

"Mrs. Brown, you know, Agnes, has seen better days. The time was when her husband lived next door to us on Beacon street, but his ships foundered at sea, and his stores were burned with fire. He became so immersed in debt, and his creditors were so clamorous, and his pride so mortified, his embarrassment put a speedy termination to his life. For a long time his amiable and accomplished widow struggled against the ever-advancing and never-retiring tide of poverty. In order to feed, clothe, and educate her children, she sold every article of furniture she could possibly spare, and moved into a plain neat cottage, where she exercised the most rigid economy.

Her eldest daughter was but nine years of age at that time, yet the child was so thoughtful she urged her mother to allow her to take music-lessons, so that at some future day she might become a teacher of music herself. Sickness, and unforeseen misfortunes, have hovered like vultures over her path, from the time of her husband's death until now. She has grown poorer and poorer,—and but few of her former friends have manifested the least piety, or rendered the least assistance. When I discovered her place of abode, my heart sunk within me. She lived in a poor old house in an obscure court, surrounded by hives of human beings in rags and filth. A pale girl, perhaps ten or twleve years of age, answered the rap at the door, and in a very lady-like manner invited me to walk in."

"Was it Mary, who used to play with me when I was a little child?"

"Yes, dear; she requested me to sit down, at the same time giving me a rickety chair, the creaking which seemed to plead poverty. The floor of the house was clean as a platter—and the curtains at the windows white as snow. Where is your mother?" I inquired.

"Mother is sick a-bed," was the reply.

"Is she dangerously ill?"

"I fear she is, for she has no desire to eat, and speaks with great difficulty. I sat up with her last night, and the night before, and this morning I called on the doctor, just around the corner, but he refused to come when I informed him we had no money. "Step into the next room and see her," continued the child; "for, although she is unwell, she will be pleased to see such a kind friend."

"When I entered her humble apartment I saw the poor invalid upon the bed. She recognized me at a glance, and in feeble whispers thanked me for visiting her in her affliction. It was with the utmost difficulty she spoke, but she managed to make me understand that she was deeply indebted to one of her neighbors for many acts of kindness. She informed me that Mrs. Conner did her washing every week—called to see her every day, and frequently made up for her little delicacies to eat; and that this kind neighbor of hers was very poor, but invariably refused any consideration whatever for her unsolicited and untrumpeted deeds of charity. She furthermore stated that her noble son, James Conner, chopped her fire-wood, shovelled her coal into the cellar, and performed other acts of kindness too numerous to mention."

"What a good lad, I am pleased to think that a rich man made him such a handsome present. I have no doubt he will become a distinguished man by-and-by. I do think, ma, that poor people have as much feeling for each other as the rich for each other."

"O, yes, my dear, very often they have more; for the wealth having all that heart can desire, or at least all that money can purchase, since they never suffer themselves, do not sympathize with those who do. I speak in general terms, there are exceptions. Some of our merchant princes here spend as much for the benefit or others, as they do for their own personal benefit. Not a few, like the magnanimous merchant, who made the donation to James Conner to-day cheerfully avail themselves of opportunities to aid others; and they never fail to realize the golden promise vouchsafed to the cheerful giver.

CHAPTER III.

A MEETING IN THE STREET.

Nearly fourteen years after the occurrence of the events recorded in the foregoing chapters, a young man coarsely clad was seen pushing a hand-cart through Tremont Street, when a careless teamster, who was staring stupidly at the panorama, of life moving before him, ran his ponderous wheels against the hand-cart, which was wrecked instantly.

"What shall I do?" exclaimed the owner of the hand-cart.

"What is the matter, my good man?" inquired a gentleman, who was walking on the pavement near by at the time of the accident.

"Why, sir, my cart is broken, and a costly mirror, which I was directed to take to Shawmut Avenue, is broken into a thousand pieces."

"You have been unfortunate, and I for one, am willing to give you a lift."

"You are very kind, sir."

"What will it cost to repair the cart?"

"At least five dollars," replied the porter.

"Here is a V," said the gentleman.

"Thank you, sir. Your generosity will be appreciated during a lifetime."

"It strikes me," continued the generous gentleman, "that your conversation gives evidence of educational advantages seldom possessed by men in your humble sphere of life."

"You are right, sir. I have been liberally educated. My good father, who is now in his grave, spared neither pains nor expenses in his efforts to cultivate my mind."

"Strange, indeed, that you do not pursue an occupation less laborous, and more profitable."

"Mine has been an eventful life, sir. Although I am a young man, I have exhausted a fortune left to me by my father. My old acquaintances, when they ascertained the real state of my pecuniary embarrassments, cruelly cut me in the street. When my cash and my credit were gone, I saw before me but two alternatives. I knew that I must work, or starve, so I concluded to turn over a new leaf—stop gambling, which has been the cause of my ruin, and begin life with a hand-cart, as my father did."

"Pray, what is your name? I think I have seen you before."

"I have assumed an alias, for obvious reasons."

Your voice and face forcibly remind me of one of my school companions," remarked the gentleman.

"I do not wish to be recognized," observed the porter.

"Do not deem me impertinent, when I ask if you did not attend the Common School, on H—Street, fourteen years ago?"

"I did," was the reply.

"You attended Harvard College afterwards?"

"I did."

"Your name is George Burton, son of the Hon. George Burton."

"Say so in whispers, for I have forfeited all claims to the name. But, who are you pray?"

"I used to sit by your side in school."

"So you did; and now I recollect you won the gold medal on that memorable day we were so roughly examined."

"Your honorable father, blessed be his memory, helped me to obtain a classical education."

"Often have I heard him speak of James Conner, but I have forgotten the fact that he assisted you. Are you a professional man?"

"No, I am a merchant, and if you will accept a situation in my establishment, I shall be most happy to give you a lift."

"In the course of our conversation you have used the word lift twice, and each time I have been reminded of the fact, that when a boy at play on the Boston Common, not more than a stone's throw from this very spot, I once refused to lift a bundle to your shoulder; and I distinctly recollect how my cheeks crimsoned with shame when that amiable lady, Mrs. Curtis, gave you a helping hand."

"Do you recollect that Mrs. Curtis had a daughter named Agnes?" inquired Mr. Conner.

"Yes, indeed, I recollect her quite well," replied Mr. Burton, as he brushed a tear from his eye. "I should like to see her once more, but I dare not look her in the face."

"Well, just make up your mind to shun the society of such men as those who have fleeced you, and my word for it, there is a better future before you. Follow me to my house, and I will give you an introduction to Agnes, who happens to be my wife."

They halted at a clothing ware-house long enough to procure a descent suit for the returning prodigal, and then directed their steps to a beautiful and substantial dwelling handsomely situated and tastefully furnished.

At the door they met Miss Mary Brown the only child of the sick widow, who died several years before. She made Mr. Conner's house her home until she became the happy wife of Geoge Burton, who received such a lift from his school-mate that he afterwards became a merchant prince himself.—*Flag of our Union.*

DIET IN PULMONARY DISEASES.—On Monday evening. Dr. Turnbull presented to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool a copy of a report lately published by him "on the progress of improvement in the treatment of consumption and other pulmonary and laryngeal diseases, and on some new remedical means." He also read a short communication on the use of certain articles of food in pulmonary diseases. He observed that those familiar with Liebeg's works were aware that he had established the fact that all the various substances used as food belonged to one of two classes, the azotised or plastic, which formed the tissues of the body, and replaced them when worn out, and the non-azotised, which furnished food for the lungs, supporting respiration and animal heat. Of the latter class the principal were starch, sugar, oil or fat, and alcoholic liquors. These united with the oxygen absorb at the lungs, and were the chief source of carbonic acid and watery vapor given off by the lungs. It appeared to him that, as this function of the lungs must necessarily be more or less impeded in all pulmonary diseases, advantage wo'd be gained by selecting such of the non-azotised or combustive articles of food as would have the greatest tendency to unite readily with the oxygen of the atmosphere. His inquiries had led him to believe that sugar of milk possessed this property. It existed in all kinds of milk, but was relatively most abundant in that of the ass, which had always had a reputation as an article of food in pulmonary diseases. Its affinity for oxygen was so great that, in solution with an alkali, it reduced some of the metallic oxides; and, as it was readily absorbed into the blood, which was an alkaline fluid, containing oxide of iron, it was obvious that it must there be converted into carbonic acid and water. He also read a passage from his work, showing that one of the great offices of the liver is to prepare saccharine and fatty materials to support the function of respiration; and stated that the facts he had adduced, together with his experience, led him to recommend sugar of milk as an article of food deserving of more attention in pulmonray diseases than it had yet received.—*Liverpool paper.*

Be Something.

BY NELL TRUTHWOOD.

Yes, be something. Begin this hour. You have been just no where and nobody long enough. Cast aside that "don't care" spirit that you posses, and stand before the world as a man!—as such act. You can do it—be something if you choose. You were not placed here to be a tax on mankind—a do-nothing—far from it. Each one has a task allotted to us—a task which should be, if it is not performed.

Suppose our predecessor's ambitious spirit had been kept in the back ground, just because of some trivial disappointment or failure attending its first appearance—some little discouragement at the onset; what then? America had not been discovered. Invention, that which has awakened the dormant powers and nerved the soul of man for some great undertaking—broken the spell which was thrown over inanimate nature, endearing it a "thing of life,"—he remained dormant.

"I will be something! spoke the brave persevering spirits of the past— and they *became* something. Obstacles, it is true were in the way, but they overcame them. Poverty stared them in the face—they met undaunted its fierce gaze.—Friends, when most needed forsook them—still they remained unshaken in their purpose. The spirit of perseverance had been awakened, and despite of all obstructions, it would go on and onward until the goal for which it had started was obtained.

There are a few, at the present day, who are imbued with a spirit of the past—who have said —"I will be something," and are fast fulfiling their promise.

To such as have made this resolved, I would say—on, on my friends in the course commenced. Yes, on! though the very bolts of heaven should threaten to consume you. On through the hurricane of strife—the wild sea of passion—the storm of treachery! On through all, until you arrive at the summit for which you started.—Would that this world contained a greater number of these "be something," spirits.

Young man— young woman—ye who have just launched your bark upon the waves of "life's uncertain sea,' listen I entreat you, to what I am about to remark,

Would you be happy and useful in this life—be something; be not afraid to undertake great things, you can accomplish them. The summit of Fame can be attained; the road that leads to it may, at times, be intricate, and almost inaccessible—you may lose sight of the far off and dimly-lighted beacon that crowns its summit; ebon darkness may surround you; you may lose your way yet you should not despair. Commence anew in the chase, and then on—on, with the desperation of a wrecked seaman, while swimming towards the distant, yet can-be-obtained ashore.

As the ambition of the mariner urges him over the waves that threaten to engulph him, so let your ambition urge you over the stormy billows of the sea of life, until the point—the point for which you have started, is reached.

One word in conclusion. Arise, ye that have become discouraged at trifles—bestir yourself; the spirit of ambition is in you, throw it forth to the world. God did not design for it to become dormant—useless; therefore he sent the spirit of adversity to bring it to light and action. You have censured him for so doing, instead of being thankful and profiting, as you should, by the same. Yes—you have said "an unwise Providence has laid upon me a greater burden than I can bear, and I must sink beneath its oppressive yoke."—Now, this were wrong. Trials should be considered as blessings—regarded as necessary requisites to bring forth the ennobling qualities of the inner man.—*Star Spangled Banner.*

WHERE WAS THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WRITTEN?—This is a question which has excited much discussion. The following letter from Mr. Jefferson settles the question. The house he designates is at the corner of Seventh and High (or Market) streets, Philadelphia, the lower story of which is now occupied as a clothing store, and the upper stories as a printing office:—

MONTICELLO, Sept. 26, 1825.

To Dr. JAMES MEASE, Philadelphia.

Dear Sir: It is not for me to estimate the importance of the circumstances concerning which your letter of the 8th makes inquiry. They prove, even in their minuteness, the sacred attachments of our fellow citizens to the event of which the paper of July 4, 1776, was but the declaration, the genuine effusion of the soul of our country at that time. Small things may, perhaps, like the relics of saints, help to nourish our devotion to this holy bond of our Union, and keep it longer alive and warm in our affections. This effect may give importance to circumstances however small.

At the time of writing that instrument, I lodged in the house of a Mr. Graaf, a new brick house three stories high, of which I rented the second floor, consisting of a parlor and bed room, ready furnished. In that parlor I wrote habitually, and in it wrote this paper, particularly. So far I state from written proofs in my possession. The proprietor, Graaf, was a young man, son of a German, and newly married. I think he was a bricklayer, and that his house was on the South side of Market street, and if not the only house on that part of the street, I am sure there were few others near it. I have some idea it was a corner house, but no other recollections throwing light on the question, or worth communication.—I am ill, therefore only add my assurance of my great respect and esteem.

TH. JEFFERSON.

☞ A man died of the apoplexy, the other day, in Michigan. The next morning the coroner held an inquest, when the following verdict was returned: "Died from the visitation of one beefsteak, eight cold potatoes, and a fried pie."—Sensible jury that.

A Word About Children.

How deeply rooted are the impressions, the loves the fears, the hates of childhood. Aye! hate, for children are often taught to hate, with all the method that would characterize a Jesuitical disciple. And not till the humanity of riper years softens resentment, does that lingering feeling of wrongs unavenged, cease to embitter existence.

If we of riper years would but keep in mind the influence of early association upon ourselves, we should treat children more justly. Who does not hear of some bugbear of a man, whose very shadow is detested to-day, and whose face wears the same crusty "be off" expression of old, though it breaks into smiles in our grown up presence.—And she who treated us with courtesy, who thought us not to little or to simple to talk with her of weighty affairs; who condescended to set the table, even for us, and treated us like little kings and queens—how she stands a monument of love and beauty in our hearts! What would we not do for her!

We should recollect that the child in all his swaything passions, affection, impulses, is but the embryo of the man. That memory acts often as the judge of the past. We may look in vain for favor, when like the dry moss we would cling for support to the green, young sapliag, and partake of its strength and freshness.

The very child that stands before you, its little fingers working nervously, its eye-lids cast down, and outraged feeling trembling on its lip, may have the power yet to heap favors on your head. But suppose you it will, if you sour its nature in the germ!

We seem to forget that children will ever become men or women. They are either pets or torments, treated like creatures without eyes or ears, while all the time they are gathering in good or evil as the earth sucks in moisture.

Children are so keen—so quick, so generally true in their judgments! They are always peeping over the shoulder of reason, and when you slight or insult them, they know it.

Worse than death to them is the laugh of ridicule Sometimes they have a dignity—a childish dignity. That, encouraged, might build them a wall of defense against coming dangers. They note the sly laugh, the course outburst of merriment frightens them; they shrink into childish obscurity, and lose much of their native independence.

A few rare hearts there are who know how to appreciate and treat children. Such never, never want the sunshine of bright eyes, the warm affection of pure hearts. A book lent, a flower given, a kind word spoken, a little hand held for a moment in loving pressure, a kiss undrudgingly given—thought but slight drops from the showers of love that fall upon the dearest of your household, they are never forgotten.

O! ye whose path is thronged with little children, you know not how many angels in disguise wait to expand their beautiful wings and make earth seem heaven, through your tender ministration.—*Mrs. Dennison, in the Boston Olive Branch.*

A Mother's Soliloquy.

'Tis mine! bound to me by a tie that death itself cannot sever. That little heart shall never thrill with pleasure, or throb with pain, without a quick response from mine. I am the centre of its little world; its very life depends upon my faithful care. It is my sweet duty to deck those dimpled limbs, to poise that tiny, trembling foot; yet stay! My duty ends not here! A soul looks forth from those blue eyes! And undying spirit, that shall plume its wing for a ceaseless flight, guided by my erring hand. The hot blood of anger may not poison the fount whence it draws its life, or the hasty words escape my lip, in that pure presence. Wayward, passionate, impulsivet, "how shall I approach it," but with a hush upon my spirit and a silent prayer!

Oh, careless sentinel! slumber not at thy post, over its trusting innocence!

Oh, reckless "sower of the seed," let not the "tares" spring up!

Oh, *unskilful helmsman!* how shalt thou pilot that little bark o'er life's tempestuous sea, safely to the eternal shore!

'Tis *ours!* A *father* bend's proudly over that little cradle! A *father's* love! how strong! how true! But oh, not so tender as *hers*, whose heart that babe hath lain beneath!

Fit me for the holy trust, Good Shepherd, or fold it *early* to thy loving bosom!

FANNY FERN.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—We copy the following passage from the new work, "The Old House by the River:" We regard it not only as eloquent but embracing the belief that every christian heart *must* hold. He who believes in love and sympathy of soul, must believe life to be eternal or eternity a fable:

"Go preach to blocks and stones, ye who believe that love is of clay! Go preach to the dead, ye who deny the immortality of the affections! Go reason with trees, or hills, or images of wood, or with your motionlsss, icy souls, ye who believe that, because there is no marrying yonder, there shall be no embracing, or because we may not use the gentle words "my wife," we may not clasp these sanctified forms in our own holy arms! I tell you, man, that immortality would be a glorious cheat, if with our clay died all our first affections. I tell you that annihilation would be heaven, if I believed that when my head at length rests on its coffin pillow, and my lips sink to the silence and repose of death, these loving eyes would never look into mine again, this pure clasp never be around my neck, this holy caress never bless me more!"

☞ A fellow who had been hooked by an unruly cow, limped in his gait. A lady remarked as he passed, that he appeared to be intoxicated. "Yes, said her beau, "he has just been taking a couple of horns."